

THE GLASGOW ART

GALLERY & MUSEUMS ASSOCIATION

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FEATURING

GEORGE BLAKE

PAINTERS, WRITERS AND SHIPS

JAMES BRIDIE

LEAVES FROM A GALLERY RAT'S PRIMER

J. D. BOYD

THE WORLD'S GAMEST LOSER

FORTUNES IN PICTURES

MISCELLANY • REVIEWS • HABITAT GROUPS

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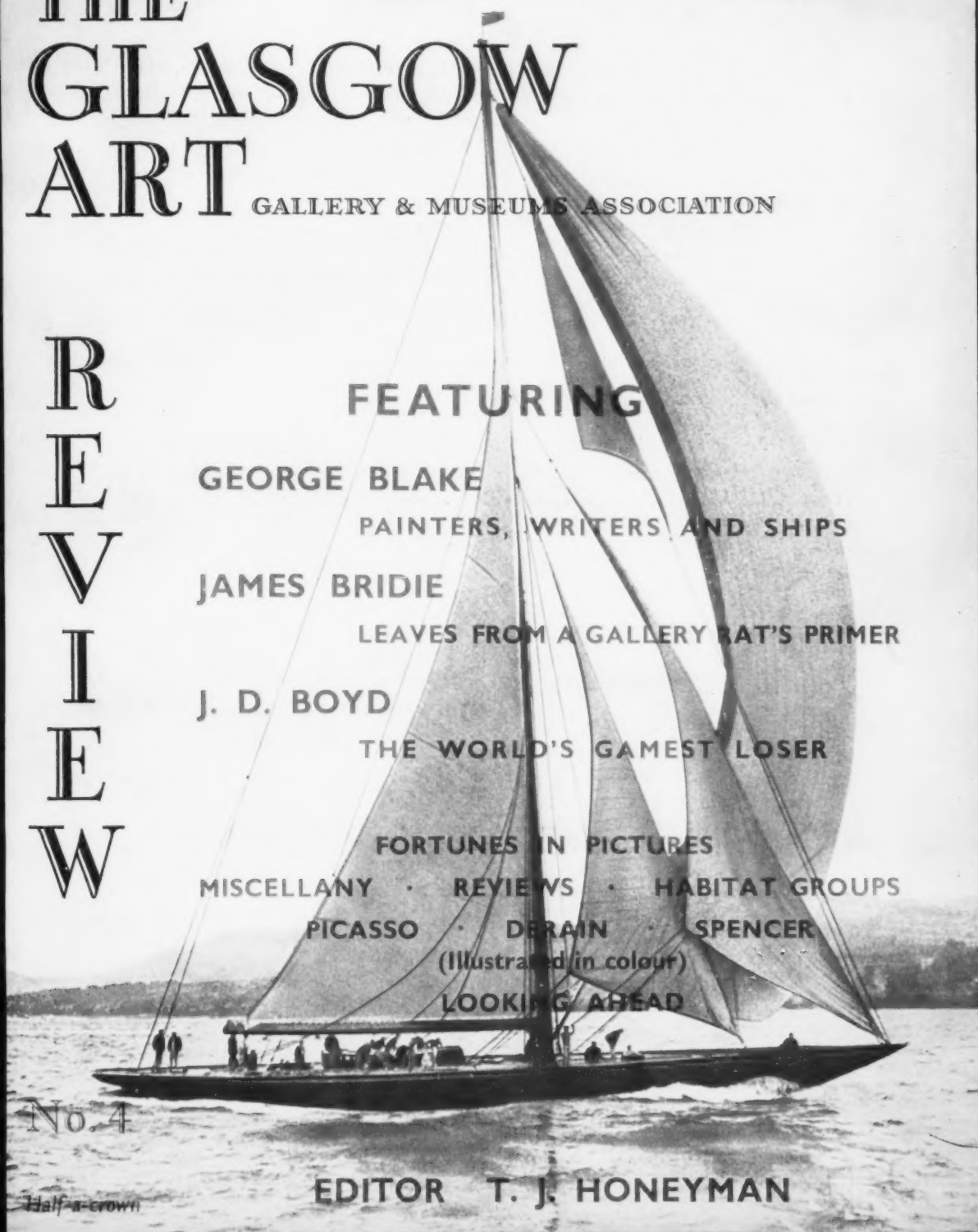
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LOOKING AHEAD

No. 4

Half a crown

EDITOR T. J. HONEYMAN



GLASGOW ART GALLERY AND MUSEUMS ASSOCIATION

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The cultivation and advancement of interest in the various activities, artistic, educational and scientific, promoted by the Art Gallery and Museums of the Corporation of the City of Glasgow.

ACTIVITIES.

Bi-Monthly Calendar of Events; Quarterly Art and Museum Journal; Exhibitions; Lectures; Discussions; Music, etc.

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On Cover:

Photograph of 'SHAMROCK V' racing on the Clyde.

No. 4,

Summer, 1947.

THE ART REVIEW

GLASGOW GALLERY & MUSEUMS ASSOCIATION

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Editorial

SCOTLAND is to-day facing many difficulties. Some of them are formidable: but none of them is insurmountable. Contrary to opinion expressed in certain foreign journals, not all unfriendly to this country, we are far from being 'down and out'. Indeed it would appear that we have adopted a sustaining conviction which Santayana puts thus: 'The difficult is something we can do now; the impossible takes a little longer'. Among the well-conceived and well-organised plans for future development are the Hydro-Electric scheme and the creation of the Tourist Industry. Two important events to be held this summer may appear to be severe tests of our capacity to attract, entertain and inform our visitors from overseas. These are the Arts Festival in Edinburgh and the 'Naval Fortnight' on the Clyde. They will have to contend with abnormal conditions, and we do not mean the weather!

The present issue of the *Art Review* will, we hope, complement the larger effort by reminding ourselves and our guests that Glasgow does not live in the past. It builds on it. The function of the Art Gallery and Museum is to preserve and present the records of men and of the works produced by their hands and hearts. If the function is well-performed the benefits are clear:—entertainment and delight for those to whom a visit is merely part of a tour of sight-seeing. Information, and an enlarged experience for those who regard art, craft and science as part of the general scheme and purpose of visual education.

This magazine is only one aspect of the Association's work. Why not become a member and get to know more about us. (See opposite page.)

PAINTERS, WRITERS AND SHIPS

GEORGE BLAKE

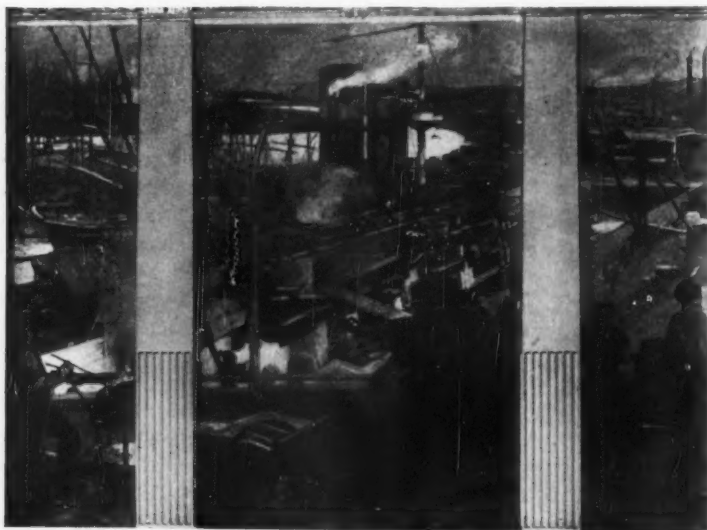
IT is a staggering thought that, not until after 1918, did Scotland's native writers begin to show the slightest sign of awareness of the fact that the vast majority of Scots live in a highly industrialised civilisation, socially complicated by three generations of overcrowding, immigration and exploitation. We are late developers in literature. The English novelists—Mrs. Gaskell is the obvious example—were dealing with industrial conditions a hundred years ago; the body of English fiction based on study and observation of life in the manufacturing districts is immense and varied. But even in 1920, even in this Scotland of shipyards, coal mines, chemical works, miners' rows and Glasgow slums, most practitioners of imaginative literature were content with comedy in the kailyard or adventure among the heather—with, in fact, the romantic past.

There are many interesting reasons why this should be so, and they would be worth examining in another place. My interest here is simply to point out that Scottish industry,

and the social tangle that has developed out of its fluctuations, are very indifferently 'documented'. Wrestling in a modest way with the great story of Clyde shipping and shipbuilding for a good many years now, I have been daunted by the utter indifference of earlier writers to the fascinating interest of it. The material exists, but largely in scientific reports and the somewhat funereal official histories of the older shipbuilding firms; the best is in the newspaper files. No imaginative writer of even moderate talents—and only John Davidson among the poets, I think,—was touched by the splendour of the Clyde's position on the world's waterways, by the fabulous part in human history played by Clydeside craftsmen—so much greater a part than that played by all the heroes of Jacobite romance rolled into one. I know of no substantial writer who perceived the sheer, palpable splendour, and the fascinating social implications, of the jockeying of the great yachts in the brave days of the Clyde Yachting Fortnight.

The question therefore arises: have the pictorial artists improved on the performance of their writing brothers in this respect? And the immediate answer is, of course, Yes; but I would add the rider—yet not so very much as you would expect.

One must leave out of this account the myriad views of 'Arran from the Ayrshire Coast' that are two-a-penny in the minor art shows and the junk shops and those innumerable studies of 'Evening: Loch Ranza' which, good or bad as paintings, neglecting or



SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., R.S.A.

SHIPBUILDING
Mural

One of the Murals in the Banquet Hall of the City Chambers, Glasgow. The ship in the picture was one of the early Cunarders built in 1888 for the Atlantic passenger trade

taking in the waters of the Firth, are recordings of purely scenic, as distinct from historical or documentary, values. One is looking rather for the artists who have been informed and inspired by the elements of shipping and shipbuilding in the Clyde scene, and they are not numerous.

The late James Kay was one. There are pictures of his, mainly of the ship-channel above Erskine Ferry, in which such purely marine elements as the colours on a funnel, the chromatic fluttering of flags, and so on are brought into such harmonies of composition as please at once the detached aesthetic eye and the intelligent minds of those who know what, so to speak, ships are all about. A lesser artist, Patrick Downie, was in his early days a surprisingly good recorder of the riparian scene in paintings that make the journeyman work of his old age merely pathetic. In my own family there is still pre-



SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

GLASGOW BRIDGE, 1850
Watercolour, 28 x 39 ins.

served an early picture of Downie's displaying the bustle and confusion of Prince's Pier on a wet day during the Glasgow Fair that, for all the crudity of its technique—perhaps *because* of that first, fine, careless crudity—has a French quality of immediacy. It makes me think, sometimes, that some of our aloof but repetitive artists would be the better of a course in artistic journalism.

My own favourite in this manner is old Sam Bough. That hardy scene-painter knew about ships though he never painted one, for all I know, except as a tiny element in a larger landscape. There is at least one painting of his, done from the hill above Port-Glasgow, which immediately assures the student that Sam, looking down on one of the world's most splendid anchorages, knew that he was painting a great anchorage and gave it precisely that value, however great his more natural interest in the glory of the Highland hills beyond. In short, he took in



JAMES KAY, R.S.A., R.S.W.

THE LAUNCH OF THE LUSITANIA
Oil on canvas, 47½ x 77½ ins.

The *Lusitania*, built by John Brown & Co. was launched in 1906, and sunk by German submarine in 1915



SIR MUIRHEAD BONE

YARDS ON THE CLYDE
Drawing, 12½ × 19½ ins.

and fused into his composition the proper proportion of historical awareness. After all, the *chose vue* is not all that is in the Thing Seen. As a novelist I may very well describe the absurd appearance of a fat and drunken man, which is mere chickenfeed to any novelist worth his salt; but I know, and must account for the facts, that his glandular balance is imperfect and his wife unfaithful by nature. Can the pictorial artist escape this obligation to look all round, and underneath, his subject?

Through this casual speculation, however, we approach the nub of the difficulty surrounding the pictorial representation of a landscape, or seascape, that is thickly overlaid with the stigmata of commercial man's recent and ugly workings. The painter's difficulty is obviously great. Tradition and instinct both urge him to escape towards the pastoral scene and see the peaks of Arran without a hopper-barge dumping the sludge of Glasgow's sewage in the foreground. He instinctively fears the charge of journalism, of telling a story. Such fears seem to me, however, to confess artistic limitations. It may be

that the etcher enjoys a special sanction in his choice of subjects, but Sir Muirhead Bone's numerous etchings of Clydeside scenes, in shipyard and harbour, demonstrate that the really great artist can be at once a valuable historian and an exquisite impressionist of the Thing Seen.

The Thames was luckier than the Clyde in the early days of steam shipbuilding, when J. M. W. Turner was cruising around with a rainbow on his palette. There, for all his obsession with crepuscular atmospherics, was a painter with an eye for ships! 'The First Steam Ship on the Thames' is a noble painting as a whole, with a rare Italian spaciousness, but it is also a 'documentary' of first-class value, since the artist's scheme of grouping bade him include not merely the novelty which gave the picture its title (it is indeed not emphasised so strongly as the Tower behind) but also a fascinating range of the shipping types then extant. Here was a genius, in short, who did not disdain historical and literary values. Scottish art, then based mainly on Edinburgh, where they are not very good on ships at any time, missed

entirely both the pictorial possibilities and the human significance of the subject.

So, as with the novelists, it remains surprising that so many of the Scottish artists have, almost literally, missed the boat, but we can easily enough see why they did so. Mere fashion, the all-too-great commercial success of the Glasgow School, tended to shoo the artist away from the base industry out of which the patron made his money and to encourage pretty atmospheric dreams. They worked in an age, these artists of the middle and late nineteenth century, when men were drunk with the excitement of mechanical novelty and the camera was the thing for the recording of our marvellous inventions. In another way of putting it: the pictorial artist, like the literary artist, was by a complex of forces induced to believe that the doings and creations of the Black Squad must be left to journalism.

I am not quite sure about the soundness of this generalisation, but I have often thought that the indifference of the Scottish painters

to ships and shipbuilding may stem to a large extent from the fact that shipbuilding is in its own way an art, a stout ship being therefore a work of art in itself. The *Queen Elizabeth* is not only the largest and fastest vessel afloat; she carries with her in her natural element those qualities of grace and power, of ordered line and arranged mass, that move us to exclaim, when considering a picture or a bit of sculpture: 'That is surely a masterpiece.' I would be prepared to argue, if in a slightly reckless moment, that a Clyde tug-boat is a more satisfactory work of art than many a bit of conventional, slick, expert but empty painting I have seen, priced high, in annual exhibitions.

We do not, of course, ask the artist to paint pictures of fine ships; that we leave to the poster designers and the gentlemen who prepare calendars. It is merely odd that the shipping element has inspired singularly few Scottish artists. The artists need not take this as a charge against them. After all, you will search the works of Robert Burns, who was



WILLIAM CROSBIE

First of a series of six murals commissioned by the Royal Ordnance Factory, Bishopton.
Now in the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre Club Room

THE CLYDE VALLEY
Mural



J. D. FERGUSSON

THE LIBERTY MEN, 1916
Oil on canvas, 28 x 30 ins.

born and brought up within sight of the sea, for any specific reference to it. He could describe with a microscopic eye the form of a mountain daisy, but he was apparently blind to the thresh of waves on the Heads of Ayr. The native slant in all the arts has until quite recently been towards the pastoral.

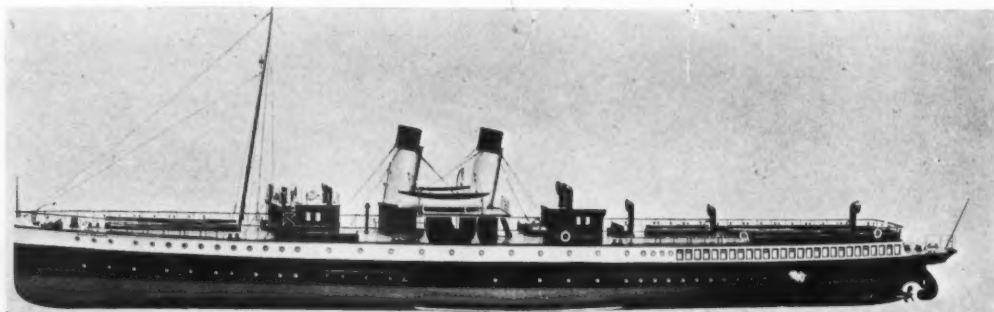
Thus only the photographers and the newspaper cartoonists were on the spot when the shipbuilding art launched on the estuarine waters of Clyde its most exquisite products—the great yachts of yesterday. I cannot imagine that industry has ever produced anything lovelier than those great cutters, such as won for Sir Thomas Lipton the remarkable collection of trophies now in the custody

of Glasgow Corporation. I am absolutely certain that, with due thought for the lovely products of the aviation industry, the engineering science never produced anything quite so beautiful as the great steam yachts of the '80's and '90's.

Now they are all gone with the wind. They could be built, manned and maintained only on such wealth as no British subject may now possess. And while they graced the estuary their creators and the artists (and the writers) were following different paths and, in the good old Scottish way, quarrelling as to which was the right path. Ships passed in the night—and failed to speak each other in passing.

Sometimes, wandering through the Kelvingrove Galleries, looking at the recurrent calves and flower pieces and aspects of Arran that have inspired so many extremely competent Scottish artists, I wonder by what kink in the Scottish nature the boat came to be missed. Then I invariably go downstairs and wistfully conclude that the only truly faithful artists of the greatest national industry are the unsung model-makers.

[The coloured reproduction of the Stanley Spencer Mural, 'Shipbuilding on the Clyde' on page 17 gives an additional illustration to Mr. Blake's article. It is reproduced by permission of the Imperial War Museum].



MODEL OF THE TURBINE STEAMER, 'KING EDWARD.' Built in 1901 by Messrs. Wm. Denny & Bros. Ltd., Dumbarton. † In this vessel the Turbine was first applied to the propulsion of Merchant Ships

LEAVES FROM A GALLERY RAT'S PRIMER

JAMES BRIDIE

A CLERGYMAN said to me one day in the Glasgow Art Gallery: 'In last year's Picasso Exhibition I saw a picture in which the artist had depicted an arm coming out of an abdomen. Was that beautiful?' I



HENRI MATISSE

TWO YOUNG GIRLS
Oil on canvas, 24 x 20 ins.

Exhibited at Picasso-Matisse Exhibition, 1946

forget what I said to the Clergyman. I think I said, 'No.' At any rate, the Clergyman went on to ask: 'Why did he paint a thing like that?'

It is worth while examining the Clergyman's point; for, after all, Art is made by Artists. It seems reasonably right to suppose that they understand Art better than we do; that they take it more seriously than we do; and they have some reason for the things they do.

At the same time, please don't let us accept any proposition without examining it. Do they always understand Art? Do they invar-

iably take it seriously? Are they, in every case, animated by purpose and guided by reason?

We, who are civilised beings, honour the Artist as a sort of an Angel. He appears to enjoy a higher and acuter vision than ours and to devote it to our delight and instruction. We are right to honour him and to love him; but honour and love are great entanglers of the feet of judgment. 'We are but men like you', sings Canio in the Opera, 'the same flesh and blood'. We should be wise to remember that.

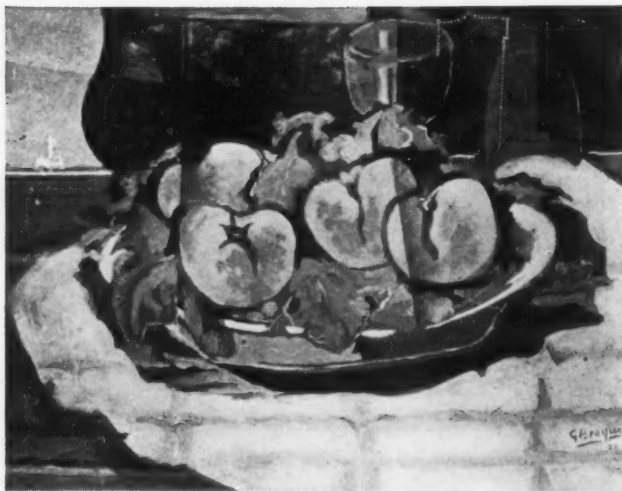
We should remember also that works of Art are composed in a peculiar state of excitement. The creator, in the act of creation, is always a little mad. If he fails to communicate his excitement to us, it may not be entirely due to our obtuseness.

Again, if he waits for this excitement to descend on him—for the spirit to move him—he may do far too little work and, accordingly starve or go into the advertising profession. Much of his work must be done without, or almost without, benefit of the spirit.

To make clearer what I mean, may I steal an illustration from a recent essay by Mr. Charles Morgan? He refers to a magnificent poem which is so familiar to us all that we hardly realise that it is one of the greatest poems in the English language. It goes:

'Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.
Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure.
Sufficient is thine arm alone
And our defence is sure.'

They look very simple verses; and yet a critic could spend pages on their technical excellence and the strong architecture that holds their majestic content. Every syllable stands in its right place with indomitable and



GEORGES BRAQUE

NATURE MORTE
Oil on canvas, 19 x 23 ins.

inevitable power. Even the dismal hymn tune to which we sing it cannot destroy the wonderful variety of the stresses and stops, the sheer glory of the rhythm. The thought and the sentiment are noble and coherent and they could not be better expressed. If the excitement felt by the Artist is not communicated to us, we are past praying for.

Only a great Poet could have written these lines. A Poet, by your leave, is the same as an Artist. One is a Greek word, the other a Latin. That is all the difference. In this case the Poet was Isaac Watts, who also wrote:

'Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race
And not a heathen or a Jew.'

Nobody in his senses would compare the merit of the two poems. The second is rubbish, and would be wicked rubbish if it were not so imbecile. But the two obviously come from the same hand, and a master hand at that. If we forget what the nonsense verse is about, we can still be enchanted by its magical grace and neatness.

This example teaches us that very great Artists can also be very great idiots. We knew that already from reading their biographies; but we have often been curiously reluctant to use that knowledge when we are studying their works.

It happens, from time to time that a great Artist in paint is unintelligible. We must not be misled, by the fact that paint is less explicit and therefore more of a mystery than words, into forgetting that the Artist may have meant nothing at all. Still less must we be misled by the no less unintelligible explanations of his disciples and



A. MODIGLIANI

ELVIRA
Oil on canvas



L. S. LOWRY

V.E. DAY
Oil on canvas, 31 x 40 ins.

fuglemen. Disciples are often like village children who are shown by some beloved natural where the badger lives and where the linnet lays its eggs. So heroic in their sight is the lunatic that (without mockery) they imitate his gestures and his dribblings and take his most moonstruck sayings for the most excellent wit.

This is not to say that an Artist is a sort of village idiot. Artists are of all degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest. One catch is that the degree of excellence of their work does not correspond with their degree of intelligence. Another catch is that they are often lonely and self-centred men. This makes them vulnerable to quack medicines and quack philosophies. A half-mastered philosophy is death, as you know, to invention. That is why so much half-chewed, undigested Freud is transferred to canvas and why all

such pictures look almost exactly the same.

I have suggested that you move a little to this side of idolatry in your regard for the Artist; but I hope that you will continue to honour him. I suggest that you do this by training yourself to perceive mastery in line, colour or pattern, whatever shape they take. I suggest that, until it is proved beyond doubt that he has sold the temple to the money-changers or is following the fashion like a sheep, you give him the benefit of the doubt. If you are convinced that a Master is painting nonsense, shake your head sadly and go back to his work in the earlier manner until he has recovered. But remember that all Artists worthy of the name are on a quest. If your Artist turns up in a suit of furs, do not assume that he is in the wrong costume for exploring the sources of the Niger. He may be going to the North Pole.

And take no part in heresy hunts. They are the Artist's own business and great fun for him; but the enthusiastic bystander is apt to get his coat torn and to look a fool into the bargain.

To look a fool is one of the most terrible things that can happen to any of us, and there is no denying that we often look very foolish in art galleries. I find that I have not given you a very clear and reliable prophylactic against that calamity. Let me try again.

When a housewife is buying a dinner she avoids poisoning her husband in several ways. If she is wise she goes to a good shop; for it is not worth a good shopkeeper's while to sell trash. She is also guided by instinct, experience and what other people tell her. The last is the least reliable guide. One's mother is a little out of the fashion and the materials she used were different.



L. MARCOUSSIS

THE ATLANTIC
Design on glass, 41 x 24½ ins.



PABLO PICASSO

WOMAN AND ROCKING CHAIR

Oil on canvas, 63½ x 51 ins.

Exhibited at Picasso-Matisse Exhibition, 1946

Close-mouth gossip, at whatever level, remains close-mouth gossip. She is better to stick to instinct and experience.

If she has the instinct of the housewife she is not likely to go far wrong. She will be able to tell by the look of an ox-tail or the feel of a cabbage whether it is worth her trouble. If we have a bit of the artist in us—and few of us have not—our judgment is likely to be on the right lines. We can carry it further by experience. All we need to do then is to throw away our cookery books. The good ones are out of date, and the new ones are nearly all bad.

[Attention is drawn to the coloured reproduction of the Picasso on page 18. This and the Braque are from the McInnes Collection. The Lowry is a recent Corporation purchase. The Modigliani and the Marcoussis are from private collections].

THE WORLD'S GAMEST LOSER

J. D. BOYD, D.A., F.S.A.Scot.
Curator, People's Palace Museum

THIS is the story of a life which has been altogether without parallel in the realm of international sport and commerce. It is the story of a lad born in a tenement house at No. 19 Crown Street, Glasgow, in 1850, who became a commercial magnate and the prototype of the ideal sportsman—Sir Thomas Johnston Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O.

His parents arrived at the Broomielaw of Glasgow from Belfast after leaving their home in the village of Shannock Green Mills, near Clones in County Monaghan, at the time of a potato famine in Ireland. As a time-keeper in a McNeil Street Paper Mill, his father, Thomas Lipton senior, earned a maximum pay of 25/- per week and the rent of their top-flat four-roomed house was £12 10/- a year plus the municipal taxes.

Young Tom was educated at the old St. Andrew's Parish School overlooking Glasgow Green, and every Sabbath he went with his family to the Hutchesontown Established Church of Scotland in Cleland Street. He left school when he was 9 and became an errand boy with the Glassford Street firm of A. & W. Kennedy at 2/6 per week.

The Clyde and its docks fascinated him and he became an expert oarsman, and when he had saved up a few coppers he would hire a 'cat-boat' on the river and indulge his hobby to the full. When he was 11 years of

age he made his 'debut' as a yachtsman, founding a model yacht club with himself as Commodore and umpire of all contests. He made his first yacht from the lid of an old wooden chest, carving the hull with a 'gully-knife' and fitting mast, bowsprit and spars. The sails were of brown paper and 'Commodore' Lipton christened his yacht *Shamrock*. The stakes for these early contests, fought out

on the muddy waters of the rain-filled 'ponds' in a disused brickfield near his home, were 'boobs' which were deposited before each race in the 'bannet' of 'Commodore' Lipton. It was in these boyish contests that he learnt one of Life's greatest lessons—how to win with pleasure and lose with a smile.

His next job was with the firm of Tillie & Henderson, Shirt-makers, in Miller Street, where for the pay of 8/- per week he cut out cloth patterns and gummed them in books for the firm's travellers. Feeling that he was due for a rise, young Tommy

slipped a request in among the firm's morning mail and days later received a pencilled note from the Cashier 'You are getting as much as you are worth and you are in a devil of a hurry asking for a rise'.

He then engaged himself as a Cabin-boy in one of the Burns steamers sailing between the Clyde and Belfast. At 14 years of age he bought a steerage passage on the *Devonia* to New York where he eventually landed with



SIR T. J. LIPTON, BART., K.C.V.O.



Old Lady from the Country.—"OH! IS THAT 'IM? NO WONDER 'E AIN'T MARRIED!"
CARTOON BY PHIL MAY

30/- in his pocket and an optimistic outlook.

In New York he obtained free lodgings in an Irishman's Boarding House by canvassing half-a-dozen of his fellow steerage travellers as Customers of the Establishment. He travelled south to Dinwiddy County, named after the Glasgow-born first governor of the state, Robert Dinwiddie, in Virginia and obtained work on one of the great tobacco plantations founded and financed by Glasgow's 'Tobacco-Lords' over 100 years earlier. New York again saw him for a brief space and

then he was off to work in a rice plantation in South Carolina. The wanderlust led him thence to Charleston where he became an auxiliary fireman during a disastrous fire in the town. His fireman's duties over, he stowed away in the tramp-steamer *Moneka* and came to New York to work as an Assistant in a large grocery store.

At 17 he came back to Glasgow and Crown Street in triumph with £100 in his pocket and presents for his beloved Mother in the shape of a barrel of flour and an American rocking chair. He assisted in the little grocery store at No. 13 Crown Street, opened some years previously by his parents, and at 21 he opened his own shop in Stobcross Street with £100 in capital. Working day and night, often sleeping under his counter, young Tommy began to put into practice the ideas he had conceived during his days in the New York grocery store. At nights his shop, ablaze with lights, lit up the dim dreary street and was both inviting and cheerful. A realistic ham carved in wood and painted was his early shop-sign and on hot days when the rather 'ersatz' paint melted and dripped, the ham looked all the more succulent and appetising.

Purchasing a small red cart and harnessing two fat pigs to it, with 'I'm going to Lipton's' on their sides and employing such publicity as posters depicting more fat pigs led by Irishmen with commiseration in their voices as they proclaimed them to be more 'Lipton Orphans', he laid the foundations of his success. Publicity, improved sales-service, quality with cheapness, these were his aims and at 30 years of age he had 8,000 employees and

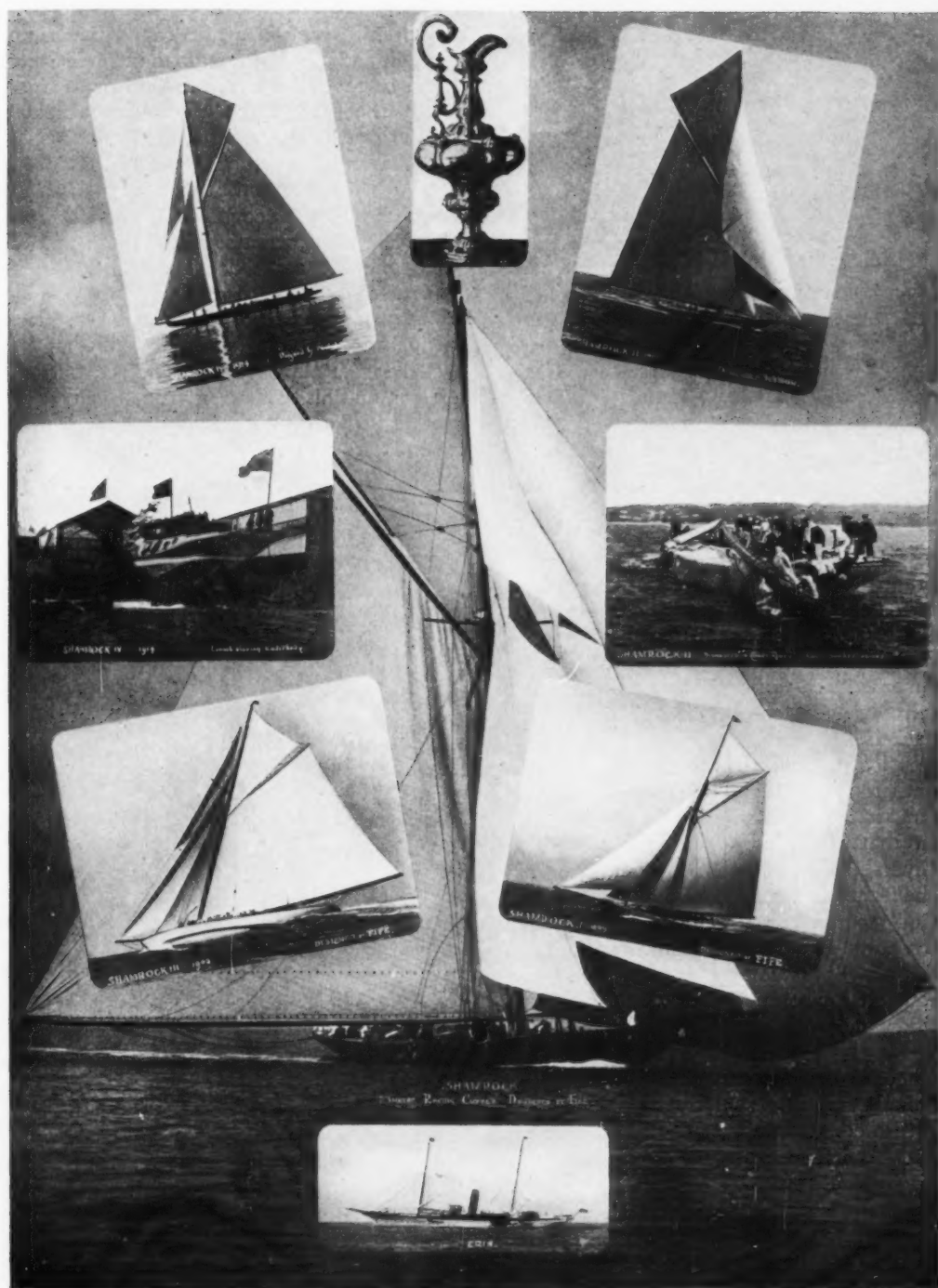


CARTOON, 'COMING FROM AND GOING TO LIPTON'

[One of the earliest Lipton Advertisements which were displayed week by week in the windows of his shops].

ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE:

In the composite photograph, against the background of the 23-metre Racing Cutter *Shamrock* which was never a challenger for the America Cup (shown upper centre) are (1) *Shamrock IV*, 1914; (2) *Shamrock II*, 1901; (3) Launch of *Shamrock IV*, 1914; (4) *Shamrock II* dismantled in Cowes Roads (King Edward VII aboard); (5) *Shamrock III*, 1903; (6) *Shamrock I*, 1899; and (7) Steam Yacht, *Erin*.





'MEDALS AWARDED'

Pen and ink drawing

branches throughout the country. Establishments were opening up in the Americas, India, Ceylon and on the Continent to supply the ever-increasing chain of stores. He made America 'Tea-conscious' and was the first to introduce tea for sale already made up in packets.

A lover of the sea all his life, it was not until 1898 that his business interests allowed him time to realise his boyhood's ambition. In that year he purchased the luxurious Clyde-built steam-yacht *Erin* and issued his challenge, as a contestant for the 'America's Cup' to the New York Yacht Club. This 'Hundred-Guinea' Cup of silver was initiated in May 1851, when the Royal Yacht Squadron voted this sum for a cup 'open to competition amongst the yachts of all nations'.

The New York Yacht Club built the schooner *America* and sailed it across the Atlantic in June 1851 as a challenger. No British contestants were forthcoming at first and Commodore Stevens of the New York Yacht Club posted a notice in the Royal Yacht Squadron's headquarters, offering stakes of from 1 to 10,000 guineas. In a subsequent race between the *Titania* and the *America* the latter won. On August 22nd 1851,

the *America* defeated the British yachts *Brilliant* and *Aurora* in a race round the Isle of Wight and the Cup went to the United States and became known as the 'America's Cup'.

In 1898, the year in which he was created a Baronet, Lipton entered the lists as a challenger for the 'America Cup' races.

With his usual enthusiasm and thoroughness, aided by the counsel of Colonel Duncan F. Neil, an experienced yachtsman and his life-long friend, he had his first challenger *Shamrock I* built.

Expense was never spared in his efforts to win back the Cup for Britain, his first two challengers alone costing £80,000 between them, and his first steam yacht *Erin* cost another £46,000. With the purchasing of his vessels, his outlays did not cease and he spent



'CLIMBING THE GREASED POLE'

Pen and ink drawing by Maybell

something like £500 a week in wages, maintenance, and other expenses incurred during trials and races.

Autumn 1899, saw Lipton's yacht *Shamrock I* on her way across the Atlantic, to race against the American cutter *Columbia*. After eight cancelled races due to adverse wind conditions the American won decisively and next day the *Shamrock* was in the lead when her top-mast snapped and she lost the race. A six-minutes lead in the last race of the series clinched the win for the *Columbia*, and Sir Thomas Lipton's first attempt had failed. In 1901 a second *Shamrock* sailed the Atlantic only to be beaten by the *Columbia* but not disgraced, and in 1903 his third yacht *Shamrock III* was beaten in every race with the new defender, the *Reliance*.

The outbreak of war in 1914 saw Lipton's fourth challenger *Shamrock IV* on her way across the Atlantic and news of the outbreak of hostilities was picked up by wireless from a



UNCLE SAM—'WE MAY PRODUCE BETTER BOATS, SIR THOMAS, BUT WE DON'T PRODUCE BETTER MEN'

Tinted drawing by Carter



'SIR THOMAS LIPTON'

Pen and ink drawing by Tom Browne

German cruiser. The yacht hurried back to Britain and remained in store there until 1920, when she arrived in New York with her owner, Sir Thomas, to race against the *Resolute*. His steam yacht *Erin*, the pride of his heart, had been torpedoed and sunk on War Service as one of the ships employed on Lipton's Nursing and Relief Services to the War-torn Serbians.

His sportsmanship endeared him to the Americans and well wishers in the country sent him thousands of mascots including an Eagle, Irish Terriers, and one coloured lady offered her 15 year old jet-black son who had, she claimed, the reddest hair in all America, as a bearer of Good Luck. This contest saw the *Shamrock IV* win two out of five races, but the Cup remained in America. Undaunted, in April 1930, Sir Thomas saw his fifth challenger launched and the 80 year old sportsman met the defender *Enterprise* in American waters once more. The defender outpaced her British rival and the tall, slim old man, with white hair and moustache, blue reefer jacket, and blue spotted bow tie and yachting cap, still smiled and resolved to

'try again'. He had spent over half a million pounds in his efforts to win back the 'America's Cup' and had failed gloriously.

This man who was the friend of princes and kings and respected as a great sportsman, was acclaimed by the Americans. To mark their appreciation they gave him a gold cup inscribed to the 'gamest loser in the world of sport'. Knighted by King Edward VIIth, Lipton was Commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and in 1931 he was elected, somewhat belatedly, to membership of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the first self-made man to achieve this honour. As a Sailsman and Salesman he was ever a gentleman and sportsman, taking the storms with the calm, and playing the game honestly and squarely. He was planning yet another challenger for the 'America's Cup' when he died in 1931, and he died as he had lived, bravely and with a smile.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., Knight of the Grand Order of St. Sava, and Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, was a generous winner, but above all else he was the 'Gamest Loser'.

[Sir Thomas J. Lipton never forgot his native city Glasgow, and on his death he left not only his yachting trophies and a vast collection of relevant prints and photographs, but also he made special bequests to aid the poor and destitute of the city.

In all, 72 yachting trophies in gold, silver-gilt and silver are in the civic collection. They include the famous American Cup presented to the 'Gamest Loser' and prizes for yacht racing or in appreciation

of his great sportsmanship, his friendship and his service to all good causes. There are over 170 pictures, photographs and prints on a variety of subjects, particularly yachting, including many cartoons illustrative of his popularity: and an illuminated address from the 'Mutual Welfare League of Sing Sing Prison'. It was the work of one of the prisoners and inscribed 'To a good Loser from some good Losers, the Mutual Welfare League of Sing-Sing Prison'.

In addition to the 72 trophies there are 33 personal gifts and awards including six cigar and cigarette boxes—he was a non-smoker—and three trinket boxes, all of fine craftsmanship along with his personal Orders which include the Royal Victorian Order, the Coronation Decoration (King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra), the Order of the Crown of Italy, and the Order of St. Sava of Serbia.

Sir Thomas Lipton made a bequest in memory of his mother of £100,000 to the City of Glasgow 'to be used as the Trustees may see fit for the benefit of poor mothers of the working classes and their children'.

After many other charitable bequests, Sir Thomas also desired that the residue of his estate be made available to such infirmaries and/or hospitals and/or institutions (including Homes, Societies and Associations) for the relief of the sick and/or poor and/or destitute in the City of Glasgow and/or in the town of Cambuslang.* A certain proportion of this residue was to be used for the same causes in Hospitals in London, and in the County of Middlesex which he had supported during his life.

It was his wish, however, that the bulk of it be available to Glasgow].

* Sir Thomas Lipton's parents latterly resided in a house at Cambuslang, 'Johnstone Villa' (this house was built by Lipton for his parents). On their death, one of his managers lived in it for a while, then he gave it as a 'Nurses' Home'. It is now known as the 'Lipton Memorial Nurses' Home'.



"SHAMROCK IV" TOWED BY "S.Y. ERIN" PASSING FLEET, PORTSMOUTH, JULY, 1914

CHARLES DIXON
Watercolour, 8½ x 21 ins.



STANLEY SPENCER

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE—BURNERS
Mural, 42 x 60 ins.

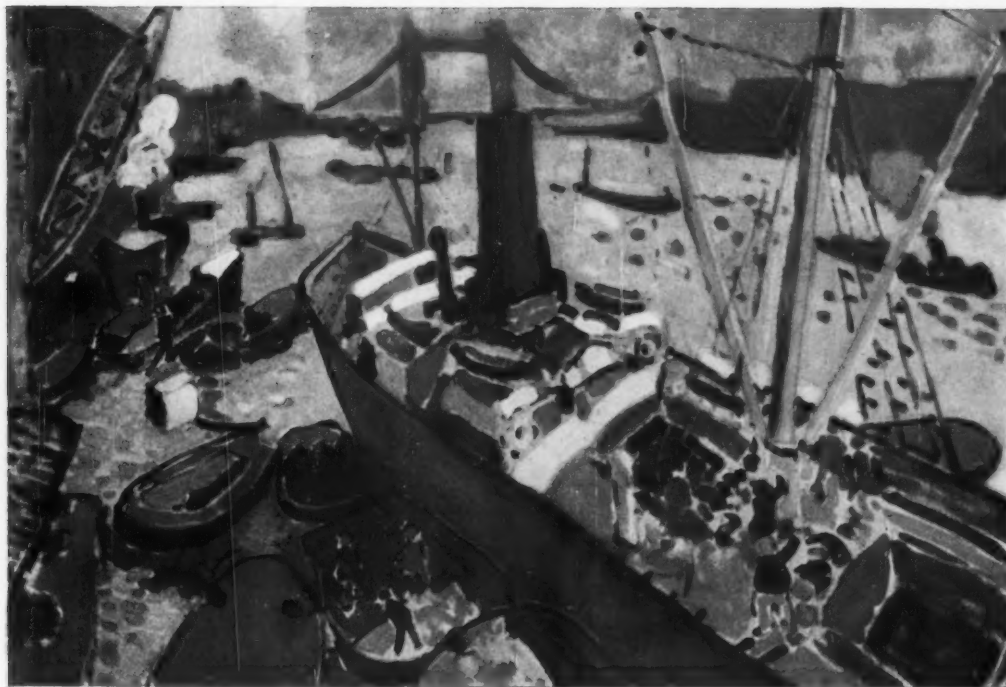
STANLEY SPENCER (b. 1891) is a distinguished English Artist, whose work is represented in most of the galleries in Britain and America. His appointment as official recorder of the Second World War led him to the Clydeside, and the creation of a mural in which he interprets the various phases in the building of a large ship.



PABLO PICASSO

LA MARCHANDE DE FLEURS
Oil on millboard, 14 x 21 ins.

PABLO PICASSO was born in Malaga in 1881. In 1901 he went to Paris where he has spent the greater part of his life. He is one of the outstanding creative artists of our day. 'La Marchande de Fleurs,' painted about 1900 is a 'pre-blue period' Picasso, following closely on the Impressionist tradition. In spite of recent controversy, Picasso's earlier work and undoubted mastery of his medium should lead us to suspend final judgment on his 'incomprehensible' contribution to contemporary art (*See* page 10).



ANDRÉ DERAÏN

POOL OF LONDON
Oil on canvas, 26 x 40 ins.

ANDRÉ DERAÏN was born in Chatou in 1880. With Matisse, Braque, Marquet, Dufy, etc., he reacted against Impressionism and was one of the group known as 'Les Fauves' (wild beasts). The above, painted in 1907 is one of a series of Thames subjects commissioned by Ambroise Vollard, the famous Paris Art Dealer.



BEATRIX OF
FALKENBURG

THIRTEENTH
CENTURY,
ENGLISH

Burrell Collection

Stained glass panel, 19 x 10 ins.

STAINED GLASS IN THE BURRELL COLLECTION

THERE are altogether four hundred and forty items in the inventory of stained glass in the Burrell Collection. About half the number is English glass, the remainder being French, Swiss, Dutch and German. The English glass comprises many windows with figures of Saints and other religious themes. Several depict armorial quarterings, including some Royal Heraldry and Badges, providing a great deal of historical and genealogical interest.

In due course a complete and illustrated catalogue will be produced under expert guidance. Meanwhile we have been able to reproduce in colour the thirteenth century panel of the Oxford School of glass-painters, representing Beatrix of Falkenburg.

This panel has been very fully described in two articles, one in the *Apollo Magazine* of August, 1935 by Mr. Wilfred Drake and the other in *The Antiquaries Journal* of April, 1938, by Dr. S. H. Steinberg.

The history of the panel previous to the early nineteenth century is unknown. From technical evidence and the identification of the subject the experts have been able to conclude that the date of the production is round about 1275.

The overall measurements are 19" in height and 10" in width. The inscription above the figure reads:

'BEATRIX DE VALKENBURCH REGINA
ALLEMANNIE'

Mr. Drake gives the following description:

The figure 'is shown in an attitude of prayer, and her red mantle—barred with bands of black pigment suggesting "barry gules and sable"—is lined with primitive heraldic "vair". The sleeve of her under-robe is green, and the coif, of brownish-pink beneath a white veil, is surmounted by her golden yellow crown. The blue background is sewn with small circles of yellow, each painted with a tiny imperial eagle. Overhead is her inscription painted on a straight band of greenish white glass. The simple and dignified pose of the little kneeling figure, the rich colouring and fine drawing—the effect of transparency in the head-dress obtained by painting the coif beneath the veil on the same pane of white glass—are all remarkable in work of such an early date.'

Earlier accounts concerning the identity of 'Beatrix of Falkenburg' are conflicting, but Dr. Steinberg's is now accepted as correct.

It may be summarised as follows:

This Beatrix of Falkenburg was the daughter of a Rhenish count in the diocese of Cologne called Dietrich of Falkenburg. He was a near relative of Archbishop Engelbert II of Cologne, and, like other members of his family, an ardent partisan of the kingdom of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the clever and skilful brother of King Henry III of England.

Richard's first wife had been an English lady, Isabella Marshal, who died in 1240, and by whom he had three sons and one daughter. But only one of them, Henry of Almaine, came of age; it is well known that he was afterwards murdered by the Montforts, in 1271. The second time Richard married Princess Sanchia of Provence, by whom he had two sons, only the younger of whom, Edmund (b. 1250), survived his father. He died in 1300, and with him the legitimate issue of Richard became extinct.

When Richard went to his German kingdom for the last time in August 1268, he had just lost his second wife. Shortly afterwards he became engaged to the young and beautiful daughter of his follower, Dietrich of Falkenburg.

King Richard died at Berkhamstead on 2nd April, 1272, leaving no issue by Beatrix. She continued to reside permanently in this country, and we meet her on various occasions in documents of her nephew, King Edward I, who ordered his servants to provide her with maintenance from the royal manors, etc. It is remarkable that Beatrix is styled in all these documents 'Regina Alemanniae', just as she is called on the stained-glass panel in question, though it is incorrect; it ought to run, 'Regina Romanorum'. The English obviously did not bother about the correct form of this foreign title. It seems that Beatrix was not on the same good terms with her stepson Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, for in 1277 she applied to a *curia Christianitatis*—i.e. an ecclesiastical tribunal, with regard to *catallis et debitis aliquibus* which she was anxious to get from him. King Edward, in accordance with his policy, which was hostile to the ecclesiastical tribunals, intervened and prohibited her appeal to any other than to a royal court of justice.'

Recent discussions on the relative merits of early English Glass in some of the Oxford Colleges add interest to the fine pieces in the Burrell Collection, and it is hoped that a selection of these will be placed on view at Kelvingrove at an early date. Eventually they will be incorporated in the new art gallery which is to be built under the terms of Sir William and Lady Burrell's gift.

IN the last number of the *Art Review* there was this footnote to a short commentary on a painting by Constable:

'Many people have asked, "What did Constable get for his picture?" It's an old question this and the answer reveals a situation which ought to be changed in the light of contemporary developments. The Arts Council of Great Britain is a new State enterprise, with its inadequate income at the mercy of political caprice. A small tax on the profits accruing from "old" works of art (in all the arts) could be of great service in the production of "new" works of art by living artists. More about this will be heard at a later date, perhaps in the form of a symposium.'

Following up the symposium idea we tried to get the views of a distinguished writer on art with the following result:



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

GOING TO WORK
Oil on canvas, 21 x 17 ins.

'Forgive me if I do not write a piece on the question raised—partly because I have too much to do at the moment, and partly because I do not really know what I think.

A tax of the kind you suggest would be so dreadfully difficult to work. Nor do I know how the money accruing would be used in the production of modern art. And, finally, I am not certain that what is wrong with modern art is lack of cash. The middle of the nineteenth century, when artists made enormous fortunes in this country, was not remarkable for a high standard of art. What we want is not more cash, but more confidence, more faith, and a more coherent culture.'

In spite of the gentle cold douche we still think the proposition is worth careful consideration. At any rate it can now be stated in terms free from ambiguity and we may then proceed to ascertain the opinions of some people who may be interested enough to reveal them.

By way of reinforcement here is a paraphrase of several newspaper gossip paragraphs of recent date.

'Admirers of Paul Nash's water-colours and paintings will be surprised to learn that he left only £1,700. His works have increased in value since his death and it is likely that in a few years time the prices will be more than doubled. It appears to be the misfortune of great artists that, in life, they are financially unrewarded. After death their works make fortunes—for dealers.'

'Dealers' must be taken to include collectors (and their descendants) who profit from the normal sequelae to 'backing the right horse'.

What should be done about it? Should anything be done about it? What can be done about it?

The argument encircles all the creative arts and the answers to the questions vary in the minor particulars of practice and method.

The State has recognised through the specific agency of the Arts Council, ex C.E.M.A. (Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts) that the growth and development of cultural interests is an essential part of the complete art of living. It provides funds for the purpose. Because these funds are inadequate and uncertain something ought to be done to extract from the 'fortunes' made by the non-producers for the well-being of the particular art, and of those who are likely to sustain and maintain its integrity. The 'fortunes' are more spectacular in the case of paintings, but the 'expired copyright' market in music, drama and literature must also be open to investigation.

By way of example let us take the auction sale procedure in France. It has been described to me as 'extremely onerous'. In addition to the 10% commission paid by the seller of a work of art the buyer pays a state tax of 17.5% on the work of living artists and 35.5% on the work of deceased artists. These are in the nature of luxury taxes—equivalent to our purchase tax—and are collected for the general state budget. The idea we had in mind was something in the region of 5%.

At first glance it looks simple enough, but it would not be difficult for the unsympathetic to obliterate the potentialities by wrapping the whole thing up in a series of plausible objections. However, we are merely introducing a proposition for examination. And, to be explicit, we suggest:

(1) A small tax on profits made on the resale of works of Art—above the basic lines of time and value, to be determined by a responsible government commission;

(2) Payment to specific state funds of Royalties on publications, presentations or performances of literary, dramatic and musical works where copyright is time expired.

We do not believe that a scheme of this nature would have any adverse effect on reviving the classics in any of the arts because of the stimulus likely to be generated by the Arts Council or other similar state sponsored institutions.

Whether we like it or not private patronage is likely to grow less rather than more adequate in the future and it is not simply a case of financing young artists of promise on the lines of the Atlantic Awards. There are, it is true, substantial risks in any system which ensures economic independence when the soil of public appreciation and understanding is incapable of ensuring full growth.

With very few exceptions the art galleries, theatres and concert halls in this country are lamentably out-of-date. Indeed, the whole set up of education and equipment in all the Arts is of so makeshift a character that complete re-planning is more than desirable. It is essential. Much money will be required and some of it ought to come from those who derive profit from works of art. It is worth thinking about!



PAUL NASH

THROUGH A WINDOW, RIVIERA
Oil on canvas, 21½ × 19½ ins.

Presented by the Contemporary Art Society, 1931

D. W. T. CARGILL COLLECTION



J. B. C. COROT

PORTRAIT DE MADEMOISELLE DE FOUDRAS
Oil on canvas, 34 × 23 ins.

These six pictures have been lent to the Gallery by the D. W. T. Cargill Trustees for an indefinite period, and are now on view. The following brief biographical notes may help to 'place' the artists in a great century of French Painting.

COROT was born in Paris in 1796 and died in 1875. He was the leader of the 'Barbizon School' of landscape painters who were influenced by Claude, the Dutch landscape painters, and Constable. It is said of his delicate, 'intimate' landscapes that what he tried to paint was not so much nature herself as the love he felt for nature. In recent years his earlier work—especially his figure-pieces—have become increasingly appreciated.

GEORGES SEURAT was born in Paris in 1859, and died there in 1891. He was the leader of the school of neo-impressionism which exercised a predominating influence on French Painting at the end of the nineteenth century. He helped to carry impressionism to its logical conclusion in 'pointillism'—i.e. the application of small spots of unmixed colour. But his underlying sense of design paved the way for later developments in painting.

EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883) was for a short time influenced by the 'Realist School' whose leader was Courbet. He afterwards became the first of the group of painters now generally known as 'Impressionists'. His works were violently criticised by his contemporaries and almost invariably refused by the jury of the Salon Exhibitions. Manet did not consider the subject of his paintings to be important—his interest was centred more in pictorial elements. His method is best exemplified by comparisons—e.g. with the Corot.



GEORGES SEURAT

PAYSAN ASSIS DANS UN PRE
Oil on canvas, 25 × 31½ ins.



J. B. C. COROT

SOUVENIR DE MARTIGUES
Oil on canvas, 26 × 32 ins.

D. W. T. CARGILL COLLECTION



EDGAR DEGAS

JOCKEYS AVANT LA COURSE
Gouache on cardboard, 42½ × 29¾ ins.



EDOUARD MANET

MADAME MERY LAURENT A LA VOILETTE
Pastel on canvas, 22 × 13¾ ins.

EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). Classified at times with the Impressionist School, with whose cause and struggles he sympathised, Degas remained a 'classic', following the great French tradition of the eighteenth century. Finding his subjects in every-day life—laundresses, ballet-dancers, people in cafés, race-tracks, etc., he helped to explore a wider field of pictorial subject-matter.

COURBET was born at Ornans in 1819. In 1840 he went to Paris, his main inspiration being the study of the Old Masters at the Louvre, particularly Veronese, Velasquez and Rembrandt. Courbet revolted against the romanticism of Delacroix and found his inspiration in every-day life, thus leading to the start of the Realist Movement, which has had a profound influence on painting. In the preface to the catalogue of his first exhibition at the Pavillon du Realisme, Paris, in 1855, Courbet says that although he has been called a 'realist' (just as painters of the 1830s were 'romantics'), titles mean nothing. 'If it were otherwise, works would be superfluous.'



GUSTAVE COURBET

FLEURS DANS UN PANIER
Oil on canvas, 29½ × 39¾ ins.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

WOODY LANDSCAPE NEAR BATH
Oil on canvas, 25 x 30 ins.

A RECENT ACQUISITION

Under the terms of the bequest the Hamilton Trustees have presented 'Woody Landscape Near Bath', by Gainsborough.

This gift fills an important gap in the City Collection and will now complete the historical link between Wilson and Constable in the history of English landscape painting. The picture comes from the Collection of A. P. Humphry, Esq., M.V.O., of Essex, whose ancestors were early patrons of Gainsborough.

This particular landscape was painted between 1768 and 1773 when Gainsborough was at Bath, and where he first became famous. It was painted at a time when there was even more discussion and writing on art than there is now, and when painters were expected to measure up to

certain established rules, for example, 'In every landscape there should be at least one brown tree and every picture should have the first, second, and third lights.' Gainsborough, however, refused to be bound down by rules and one of his contemporaries was led to exclaim, 'If ever landscape was poetic on canvas, it is such landscape as his.'

In the Glasgow Collection there are six Wilsons and one fine example by Constable. Of Gainsborough we have only had a slight sketch, and although it would be extravagant to claim the present addition as a Gainsborough Masterpiece, it is competent to describe it as a notable and valuable addition.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS



LIU-KAI-TCHE

DR. SUN YAT-SEN
Bronze, height, 13 ins.

A Collection of approximately ninety pieces of oriental ivory has been presented to the Gallery by the Trustees of Miss Margaret H. Garroway. One of them, 'The Archer' is reproduced opposite. While they are mainly modern, they are of particular interest from the point of view of craftsmanship. Selections will be shown in the Art Gallery throughout the summer.



IVON HITCHENS

GARDEN WITH POPPY
Oil on canvas, 22 x 26 ins.

LIU-KAI-TCHE was born in Hsiao, Hsien Kingsu, China in 1905. He is a well-known Chinese Sculptor who has studied in Paris and is now working in Shanghai. This Bronze has been presented by Dr. Kuo Yu-Shou, Senior Counsellor, Education Section of UNESCO through the British Council. It is the replica of the head of a bronze statue at Chengtu, Szechwan, China, and inscribed on the wooden stand is the date, 'In the 34th year of the Chinese Republic.'



THE ARCHER

IVORY
Height, 13½ ins.

IVON HITCHENS. Born in 1893 at Kensington, London. Studied art at St. John's Wood and the Royal Academy. Original member of the Seven and Five Society. Decorated St. Luke's, Maidstone, St. Paul's, Dorking, The Punch Bowl, Hindhead, and All Souls' Free Church, Golders' Green. Represented in several private and municipal collections.

HABITAT GROUPS

IT has been recognised for some time that the ideal method of displaying birds and animals in a museum is to show them in their natural surroundings. The two habitat groups illustrated are typical of the smaller settings in the Natural History Department. The one shows a migration flight of Redwings, birds which visit this country in winter. In this habitat scene they are represented as flying south on the approach of bad weather. The other case shows foxes and cubs around a rocky lair. While the parents look on, two of the young cubs are tearing at the wing of a bird, while a third cub sleeps. Although foxes sometimes utilise a deserted rabbit burrow they usually live in small caves or rock shelters like the one shown in this habitat group which was modelled from an actual lair on Loch Lomondside. There are thirtyseven such bird and mammal groups in the Natural History Department.

In the Mammal Court there are three large



MIGRATORY FLIGHT OF REDWINGS

habitat groups showing the animals of Africa, India and Australia. It is proposed to construct a large group, occupying two arches, to display the animals of the Scottish Highlands and another group showing still more animals of Africa. One African group was illustrated in *Art Review* No. 2.

A booklet *Animals of Africa*, which is now on sale gives a description of the life and habits of each animal in the habitat group. The scientific nomenclature and classification is given below the description of each animal. An annotated outline diagram forms a key to the case while a photograph of the habitat group forms a frontispiece to the booklet. Similar booklets entitled *Animals of India* and *Animals of Australia* will be issued in the near future. These will be followed by a further booklet on Africa and a booklet on the Scottish Highlands.

S. M. K. H.



FOXES LAIR

REVIEWS

The New Scottish Group. That enterprising Scots publisher, William McLellan, announces a series of Art Books under the general title of *Modern Scottish Painters*. If the first of the series, *The New Scottish Group* is typical of what is to follow we are going to be helped a long way towards the ideal of dignified, balanced and effective propaganda for our contemporary painters.

J. D. Fergusson tells the story of an endeavour which asked for nothing more than a fair opportunity to show work to which the Academic Institute refused to open the door. The argument as to whether the door cannot be pushed open belongs to another occasion; but it is clear that the new Scottish Group has won for itself the right to this fine publication.

The emphasis is, rightly so, placed on the productions of each of the members. There are no less than nine in colour and seventeen in monochrome. Introductions from exhibition catalogues by Naomi Mitchison, Professor Boase, Maurice Lindsay and William Montgomerie follow a general review by Robert Melville. Each of them is admirably related to the purpose and authority of the group and are, in a sense, the answer to J. D.'s question, 'Do the artists and the public in Scotland want independent Art?' The test of appreciation, however, must eventually be based on patronage. The group has already measured up to the test and now has its place in the literature of art endea-



DONALD BAIN



GEORGE B. INNES

DANCERS

your. Paintings by eight members are in the municipal collection.

The New Scottish Group (Wm. McLellan, 21/-).

Horace Walpole. With so many American writers delving deep into 'our' eighteenth and nineteenth-century historical records, it is reassuring to be able to claim for inclusion among the classics Mr. Ketton-Cremer's biography of Horace Walpole. The Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence (12 volumes have appeared to date) is an outstanding example of scholarly

work and even if we are a little envious of productions on David Hume and Boswell we should rejoice that others are willing to do the job for us.

This is the second edition of the Ketton-Cremer biography and it has the advantages of some corrections and slight alterations. It is in every sense a delightful book, convincing, informative and eminently successful in creating the atmosphere appropriate to the subject and the period.

Horace Walpole by R. W. Ketton-Cremer (Faber, 21/-).

INDUSTRY
Watercolour

The Scot in History. The advantages of seeing ourselves as others see us may be assumed: but when a detached observer tries to reveal how history has led him to see us we are in for a bonnie argument. The conclusions reached by Professor Notestein are illuminating, friendly and not without substance. The research has been painstaking. The sordid as well as the romantic passages have been noted. First hand contacts with places and people have been made. It is all well enough stated, but we are somehow left with the conviction that the author sees the tartan in the terms of a patch-work quilt. It is comfortable enough, but races cannot be defined or described by what is on them or by what is put on them. History is not all 'bunk' and a very fine pattern can be woven from its strands—if the selection is made with courage sufficient to ignore snippets. A very laudable effort and a very readable book fails to live up to its promise because the observer and recorder has kept too close to the letter and too far from the spirit!

The Scot in History by Wallace Notestein (Jonathan Cape, 16/-).

Famous Nudes. When you add by Famous Artists and note that there are 130 reproductions 16 of them in colour, you get most of the idea of this book. It is perhaps stretching the naked truth too far to say that all the pictures and artists are famous, and some may be disposed to quarrel with Mr. Bilbo for having dared to give himself the honour of top place in the number of examples allotted to each artist. But, after all, it is his book and if a painter chooses to masquerade as Gunga Din why should the spectator worry. Jack Bilbo is never complacent and he knows how to produce a fine publication and we salute him for adding to the joy of living.

Famous Nudes by Famous Artists by Jack Bilbo. (The Modern Art Gallery, 30/-).

Birds. This is a first-rate book on an entrancing theme. The text is written by one who regards nature as something much more than a background for human beings. With great knowledge and affection he creates an interest which is never allowed to fade away. The reproductions (sixteen of them in colour) are superb and in every way the publisher has amply supported both the writer and the artist.

Our Bird Book by Sidney Rogerson and Charles Tunnicliffe (Collins, 21/-).

LOOKING AHEAD

It is almost eight years since the citizens of Glasgow and visitors to the city have been able to view the complete permanent collection, properly arranged and displayed. We are, at long last, approaching the day when it will be possible to announce the reopening of at least five of the picture galleries, in which will be exhibited selected works of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish and French schools of painting.

The re-glazing of the roofs should be completed this summer, and, although we must be content for a few more years with a makeshift distempering of the walls, there is consolation in the thought that, after all, it is the pictures which matter. As rehabilitation proceeds we shall devote the eastern wing to British painting, including a special room for the Glasgow school and another for the contemporary art of all countries. The plans are complete and, by the time the demands of housing have become less insistent, we ought to be ready with 'Our House' in order, including up-to-date catalogues and all the complements of a well-run Art Gallery and Museum.

While the delay in reconstruction plans has compelled us to mark time in certain directions, we have been conducting during the past year an experiment in social service.

We found that the general public did not appear to take full advantage of later openings in the evenings, and staffing difficulties were considerable. Consequently we have tried the experiment of inviting organised groups, societies, clubs, etc., to spend an evening in the Art Gallery when they could inspect special or general exhibits under expert guidance by a member of the staff.

Altogether 89 groups, approximating 4,600 persons took advantage of the invitation and the results seem to us sufficient to warrant larger scale operations next winter.

Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to welcome an increasing number of distinguished visitors from overseas. Among them have been some well known scholars, connoisseurs and experts on art and museum subjects. Making all allowances for the common courtesies it is gratifying to discover that Glasgow's art collection continues to be highly and universally regarded and that recent acquisitions have brought an even greater renown. Our most recent among notable visitors, Professor Jean Alazard, Director of the Musée National des Beaux-Arts, Algiers, was heard to say to Lord Provost Sir Hector McNeill, 'It will be necessary for all serious students, especially of French Art, to inspect the Glasgow collection . . . My visit has been a revelation.' Very soon then, we shall be able to say 'Let them all come'.

MISCELLANY

WILD FLOWERS AND MOSSES

Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Robert Kerr, the Natural History Department has received the gift of a collection of British Wild Flowers and Mosses gathered by the Late Rev. Robert Kerr, M.A., Minister of Kirkmuirhill Church, Lanarkshire, until 1936. This collection of approximately 2,000 specimens of wild flowers and 500 specimens of mosses has been most carefully arranged. Each specimen has been identified under the scientific name and, where there is a popular name, this is given also. The locality and date of finding of each specimen has been recorded. The specimens are beautifully mounted and are contained in 72 boxes of the card index type.

It has long been realised that specimens of wild flowers should be on view in the museum and this collection will take the Natural History Department a long way towards the realisation of this ambition.

VICTORIAN RELICS

In February of this year we had a small exhibit of Valentines. To some of our visitors this seemed rather trivial and to them we proffer this explanation.

Apart from any association with a custom which was wide-spread in Victorian times these Valentines reflect the artistic taste of the period, and as such they are part of the history of Victorian times. When rummaging through household treasures, which have not seen the light of day for some time, one may come across items whose historical significance may not be apparent now, but which may become so to our successors. Museum authorities would like to see these items before they are relegated to the limbo of squandered treasure. For example, we are always interested in scrap-books, family albums, ribbons, fashion-plates, etc., and although we may not put them all on show, they will be catalogued and carefully stored in the belief that some day our successors may rise up and call us blessed for having preserved them.

NAVAL EXHIBITION

Throughout July and August a Naval Exhibition is being held in the Central Court at Kelvingrove. The exhibits comprise models and pictures of vessels built on the Clyde and we have been fortunate in having the co-operation of the leading shipbuilding firms and the Admiralty. The Lipton Trophies will continue to be on view at the People's Palace.

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